

FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

It has been announced more than once that Mr. Hill, of Westkill, New York, had discovered a simple way of making colored Daguerreotypes, but yet no specimens have been exhibited, though a great interest has been manifested in the discovery.

DAQUERRE, in France, has produced colored pictures, but he was never able to fix the colors. Mr. NIKSEN (St. Victor, nephew of the celebrated discoverer of photography in France) has made the grand discovery and showed his pictures to the world. Three of his pictures are now before the public in London, and the new art is called "the painting of the sun," or sun coloring. They are copies of colored engravings, and of a female dancer, the colors of the male figures in fancy costumes; and every color of the original most faithfully impressed on the prepared silver plate.

give a sketch of St. Victor's account giving any thing like an idea of St. Victor's own theory. I apply, he says, the ideas of St. Victor to the following experiments of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

The idea struck young St. Victor that there was some connection between the color of the flame and the color of the liquid which has been chlorinated, and he therefore commenced a series of experiments to test its correctness. He found that when he gave a purple color to alcoholic solutions of potassium, and then passed chlorine gas through water saturated with chlorine and the color of stromium. He then applied the back of a drawing, containing red and other colors, against the flame, and examined the color of the liquid. After fifteen minutes, when the colors of the picture were still very distinct, he repeated the experiment, but the red one far better defined than the others.

To produce the six other rays of the solar spectrum, the color of the flame to produce the red color is followed by the color of the liquid. The color of the flame for an orange, the substance of soda or potassium or pure chloride of sodium, or yellow, and beautiful yellows have been produced by solution of hydrochloric acid and a salt of copper.

For the green color, the color of the liquid and the chloride of nickel; the blue ray was obtained by the chloride of ammonia and copper, and a white ray with

chloride of strontium and sulphate of copper. The plates are prepared by a water saturated with hydrochloric acid and a bath of water by the action of light, but the ground of the plate is always black. St. Victor found that all the substances which produce colored flames produced colored images by the action of the plate. The process to produce these images must be prepared with care. The plates are bathed in water, one-fourth by weight of chloride and three-fourths of water. After the plate is well polished with tripoli and ammonia, it is immersed in the bath at least 10 minutes, allowed to remain a few minutes. It is then removed from the bath, washed with water, and dried over a spirit lamp till the plate becomes a warm color, at which point it is exposed to the light in the camera. It takes two hours of exposure, but the process will yet be shortened. The whole process to be successful must be done with care.

THE FARMERS' MEETING IN MONTGOMERY.
FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.
The Society for the improvement of the county which
embraces the District of Columbia and the Capital of

The Union enjoyed a most gratifying scene on Thursday last. It generally happens that voluntary associations and patriotic objects gradually decay when the first impulse imparted by novelty begins to fail. "Every body's business, nobody's business," is a paralyzing proverb. But the Montgomery Association has fortunately had two most zealous and intelligent presiding officers in Messrs. A. B. DAVIS and ROBERT DUNLOP.

But what more significant cause than any thing else for future progress and usefulness in the Monticello Valley Association was the great number of new subscribers who enlisted for the prosecution of the good work going forward. At no distant day it will environ the capital of our country with the most beautiful scene of cultivation any where to be found. The gently undulating surface of the county; the sparkling perennial streams with which it is intersected, affording water for every agricultural and manufacturing purpose; the delightful climate of the high-rolling region which, lifted up between the Western Branch, the Northwest, and Rock Creek, looks abroad to the Blue Ridge in Virginia and the Mountains in Maryland; the healthfulness of every section; the

ability of every acre of land for remunerative and lasting cultivation with the proximity of Washington, the best market in the world, form a combination of advantages which cannot fail, with the real estate inspired and aided with the most judicious and judiciously planned, to raise the neighborhood of our growing metropolis from its state of desolation to a scene of exhilarating industry, productiveness, and beauty.

Some of these topics were finely illustrated by Mr. J. A. Hawtorn in his paper, "The Pavilion." It was the speech of a practical farmer, a scholar, and philosopher. Franklin himself could not have made a more enlightening and useful appeal to the understanding and interest of the country, and the people, than he has made. His address to the great industry, the best adapted to stimulate perseverance and industry, in the best manner, and in the best address was extempore, it was evidently well digested, and the President of the Society hopes that he may induce Mr. Hawtorn to write it up for publication.

The various circumstances was the full attendance of the ladies from the country, and the country with every sort of domestic fabric that enriches our households. No one could have visited the pavilion, inscribed in letters of evergreen over the entrance, "The Household Goods," without a sense of its appropriateness. The ladies have had a chance to see the beautiful forms and faces and the handwork provided to make a happy home without being sensible that, apart from the religion of the soil, there is a devotion to the domestic life, and the domestic life, and the domestic life, which may best be kindred feeling.

The quiet, peaceful, virtuous people of Montgomery, whose gentle demeanor and virtuous habits have given a new name to their county, are blessed in return in their homes, in their wives and daughters. The most remarkable scene of the day was the exhibition at the grove near Rockville where the grace and loveliness of the young ladies, who, mingling with the crowd of farmers, were silent and gazing upon the stock and other agricultural products, unconscious that they were themselves the observed of all observers; the objects for whose reception the curfew was made a paradise, and for whose enjoyment every man should labor to restore it to its primitive beauty.

The fine bright breezy day and the music of the fall and from the city resounding through the grove; the speech of Mr. Hallowell so admirably suited to the occasion; the well-told reminiscences of Mr. Custis bringing to the minds of the people the picture of the gallant hero and there under the shades, all pre-arranged to be seen, and to which friends and strangers from a distance were freely invited, made it altogether a true farm-festival, forming a striking contrast in every particular with race-ground gatherings, electioneering assem-

AN INCIDENT, WITH A MORAL.

For some weeks past (says the New York Express of Monday) a long Indian tent has been standing on the eastern slope of Fox Hill, Hoboken, the inmates of which were supposed to be a family, a husband, a wife, and a son. They are now gone, we believe, from the place, and the tribe and wanderers, that neighborhood about two months ago. On Monday last, the chief of the wigwam, who had been sailing for some time past, was gathered to the Land of his Fathers. A few days previously the wigwag had set out on the great stage of the universe, and the two children she has on board were the last to see him. The mother, who was in the front of the tent, to see her husband, and her little errand Spirit called him home; but her errand, alas! it turned out was undertaken too late. The scene at the tent, as soon as it was known the Indian was dead, was very serious and affecting. The son sat mutely and moodily on the ground, with his arms folded, and his dark piercing eyes sorrowfully fixed upon the body of his father. It seemed strange to him that they should not be buried.

often, instead of interring it after the manner of his
own people. As soon as the coffin was carried away by
the undertaker, the task was ruthlessly rifled of most
of its contents, the baskets, and other trinkets the In-
dians had been using, were scattered in pillbox, by some pale
eyed vagabonds in the vicinity, spilling, by some pale
eyed, some kind-hearted women, who, with those tender and
amane impulses native to the sex, had all along been con-
sulting to the wants of the dying stranger. The tent lit-
erally carried away even, leaving the surviving Indian
to make his way to the cold damp earth, with only the
skin shroud for a covering. The survivors were sitting late
at night waiting, in silent sorrow, the return of his absent
relative from his pilgrimage to the host. It was a sad
and suggestive incident, the death of the lone Indian on the
hill. His epithet is the epitaph of a race in this region
the country, once all their own.